GONE ARE HAUNTS THAT MADE COLLEGE TRADITION

wasn't many years ago that a well plans for the sons in preparatory school. known name in the valve world was spending his spare moments launching broadsides at the American university. Among other things this man of industry said that the college student was drinking himself into unutterable disgrace, that 90 per cent. of the candidates for degrees belonged to the drinking classes and that the other 10 per cent, hung on the perilous brink of an undammed flood of spirituous

Perhaps we aren't quoting the identical words of his beinous charge, but that was the gist of his complaint. He stormed loudly and said that something ought to be done

At the time the matter caused considerable excitement. The busy business man came in storm of personal criticism. Some ridiculed him openly and suggested that he was a mere notoriety seeker. Others chimed in with his views and intimated that he had emitted the proverbial mouthful. There were

HALL we go in or shan't we? It is a

think not. We have dependents. We must

think of them. The worst that could happen

to us would be death, while they, deprived

of the vast income from our writings, would

have to seek out the nearest poor-farm. Yes, it would be selfish to die. We must

STILL, it would be fun to go in. We haven't seen a stabbing in

we are going to write a rousing knife play

of the sort) that will include the stanza

By using his shoulder blade.

song (called "A Slice of Life," or something

And when brave Roderick lost his knife He wasn't a bit dismayed, For he knew that he could save his life

Shootings entertain us too. There'll be five or six in here before the evening is over.

night always leave us enthralled. Gunplay

perhaps American epistols would be a better

phrase-that we suppose our corruption

was acomplished that way. But whatever the cause the effect is there, and we clamor

CHALL we go in? Yes! We'll take a

standing in front of one of them on Broad-

way, in case you don't know)-but we are a

Well, here we are in the hallway. Aren't we in the wrong place? There are no gas lights here. A nickel-a-dance place should be lit by gas, it seems to us, as this gives an opportunity to talk of "the flickering flames

that, as they were blown hither and thither by the wind that swept through the broken

windows, cast shadows in all directions and gave gloomy foreboding of the tragedy that was to follow."

Electric lights, no matter how windswept, refuse to flicker. But these aren't even

windswept. The windows we see are singu-

larly intact—and they are closed. What a well-ordered hallway for a nickel-a-dance house! What an odd approach to a haven

We shall have to make a correction. This

isn't a hallway after all. A sign to our right reads, "NO LOITERING IN THE FOYER."

So this is a foyer! Yes, it must be, for we

an see a foyer escape.

Of all-things! Are these roughnecks put-

ting on airs or are we in the wrong place? And whoever heard of a foyer as a setting for a stabbing? Such things only happen

Oh, well, maybe the dance hall is gaslit.

UT no! The stairs aren't creaky.

complish the desired result. No these are

obviously creakless stairs. Even a pachy-

derm couldn't make 'em creak. They are made of hard wood and are as solid as

emporium is a disappointment that we make

Here we are in the dance hall. Not a gas jet in the place. Rose-colored electric lights instead. Can this be a nickel-a-dance

joint or have we wandered into the Waldorf or the Ritz by mistake? Yes, this is

a nickel-a-dance place, a lackey in evening dress assures us. Well, if the gangsters of

New York aren't getting swell! Imagine that if you will! Attendants in full dress

And look at that Louis XVI. reception om! Or is it Rudolph IV? We always

shooting in tasteful surroundings, we are

reminded by the works of E. Phillips Oppen-heim, can be interesting, too. Let the gang-

sters have their own way. And perhaps

tended as an indication of what is to follow,

The place is all dressed up to kill, you see; and that, at least, is reassuring.

Where are the gangsters? The dress-kutted lackey tells us we are too early. The frequenters of nickel-a-dance halls, he

points out, do not begin to drift in until 10 o'clock. It is only nine now. Would we care to have a seat? Yes, thank you.

any to celebrate in song the stirring things

by the way, is as good a tin

that transpire in nickel-a-dance halls.

Later, when the Aghts begin, we won't have say, a chance. Well so long. We'll be with you as soon as we finish our roundelay. nickel-a-dance

what's the use of kicking? A

at a jitney dance hall!

get those Russian kings mixed.

shootings come off, all will be forgiven.

effort to hide, but if the stabbings and

Perhaps we aren't treading hard

enough. A little pounding may ac-

We shall ascend the

gaslit hallways

That would help.

chance after all. These nickel-a-

dance places may be tough-(we are

is so prominent a part of American letters-

a pity to miss them. Shots in the

And we love stabbings. Some day

risk, of course. Have we a right to

take chances of this sort? No, we

A general panic was avoided only by clever manoeuvring on the part of a few cool heads. In the last bitter moments of the controversy several strong arguments in re-

buttal were advanced by the investigators.

A Princeton man was discovered who didn't like the taste of beer. Three Harvard senlors, living in the same dormitory, testified that they wouldn't know how to build a Martini cocktail even with all the ingredients before them in marked bottles. A student in the Yale Sheffield School admitted that e had never heard of Barcardi rum. This evidence was incontrovertible.

though it represented but a small minority of the current collegians it put a decided crimp in the wild generalities of the reformer,

It gave the colleges a last leg to stand on.
It supported them through the trying crisis.

Meanwhile the balance of the nation's university registration, the drinking masses as they were being termed at the moment. sat back with a supercilious grin. "V what of it?" was the tone of their retort.

But that all happened—as we suggested in the opening stanza—a few years ago. Today the story is so different. The Volstead prohibition has flowed in and the liquor has flowed out. Gone are the best college drink-

"Mother, there's comfort in a brick, I fear

"Sonny, I need that carving knife, don't put it in your coat."

"No, mother dear, they haven't, but I need

In Nicky's Nickelette; The boys may fight a bit to-night,

mother I may need it soon, the pros-

sonny, has the Government declared

I can't obey.

pect ain't remote.

these weapons, for

I'm going to a dance

And I am getting set.

"Now, don't you worry, ma,
I'll bring the hardware back

fight around like that?'

ladies think it fun!"

As good as new at one or two.

"Oh, don't the girls feel badly when you

"Mother, they sit around and yawn until we start a spat."

"There's other ways of entertaining maidens, I believe."

damage done." bloody nose? Well, what of that? The

"Oh. put those weapons down, my boy, be-fore it is too late!"

Well, well, here come the boys now. Why aren't they wearing sweaters? And

where are their caps? And why aren't these girls boisterous? Surely these can't be Belles of the Bowery! They look more like

low over there has a bulging hip pocket. We wonder what kind of revolver he's carrying? From where we stand, it looks

like a pretty capable affair-.44 calibre at least. And that's a likely looking dagger he's carving his finger nails with —.22 ex-

calibur, as it were, if not more. This gentleman is evidently the town cutup. We

The chaperon, a charming middle ag woman, has just performed the ceremony.

hardworking member of the porch-climbing

profession. Let's give 'em a chance.

Our partner is a good sport. We have stepped on her shins four times and she hasn't called her gang. Gosh, that makes it

thought that this makes us a toe-dancer.

It is bad business—stepping or s's toes. But we find consolation in the

There is the gentleman with the bulging ip pocket. When will he begin to shoot? He is dancing toward us. Gosh, he's comig nearer and nearer. We'd better get out

of his way. Darn it, we're too late. A col-lision! But we need not run. The gentle-man is not going to shoot us. He is apolo-

more people," observes our partner, who is

inclined to be stout, "or some one will cry, 'Get the number of that truck!'" The lady

W E are dancing with another girl.

our opinion on "The Outlines of History."

When she has that, she asks whether we don't think Mencken made a mistake in

calling Dante an overrated figure. We don't

fact, we volunteer the opinion that the 'In-ferno' is a h--l of a fine poem, if we may

make a wretched pun, as Chris Morley would

but we don't think his work is overrated.

where the gangsters are, she asks

You'd better not let me bump into any

the evening is over.

They'll drift in later.

ing nearer and nearer.

a hopeful sign at last. That fel-

"I'm going to a dance In Nicky's Nickelette," etc.

Your loving Jack."

Ramblin' 'Round

Mory's, Heublein's and the Hofbrau Near Yale Linger Brightest in Memory Only, While Places in Boston Where Harvard Men Held Forth in Jollier Days (and Nights) Are Wholly Innocuous

tion after generation of student revelry. Gone are the open bars and the openly

friendly barkeeps. Gone, too, is the militant reformer with his hot words of rebellion. High and dry on the shoal of forgotten glory there is left only an occasional relic or remnant of the historic inebriated past; a musty drinking song lisped limpidly by a sad eyed group in a quiet corner, a dust covered stein hanging on a forlorn hook, a battle scarred, rathskeller turned painfully into a modern quick lunch resort. It is of these relics and remnants of the colleges that

e would deal. Among the Big Three, Yale was custom arily put down on the records as having the wettest college town. This classification was due more to the handiness and convenience of the drinking establishments than to any statistics on the amount of liquor consumed during the academic year. From class-room to the bar was a mere matter of seconds, depending on the speed of the entrant and his enthusiasm for the race.

Mory's, Heublein's, the Hofbrau—these are

the names to conjure with. These are the names that gave Yale her drinking supremacy. Mixed in casually with the college ouildings, they seemed for all the world to the visiting stranger part and parcel of the

Did Professors Lose Way

To Registrar's Office? Probably after the first few weeks the

average freshman learned to distinguish between the tap room at Heublein's and his mediaeval history section meeting room, but it is related that more than one absent minded professor mistook the bar at Mory's

for the office of the university registrar.

Pick up any journal of Yale activities, from "Stover at Yale" to "The Cruise of the Kawa," and you will find Mory's saved for posterity. Heublein's identified with college life and the Hofbrau among those present.

In the novelized versions it is always at

Mory's where the sub-freshman stands on the fringe of the crowd peering in to where the Captain of the Eleven sits at the Captain's personal table, served by the Captain's personal waiter. Around him sit his friends and cohorts, all typifying the gallant men who stand solidly behind Yale traditions. They pull at long pipes and emit large clouds of blue smoke—always blue smoke.

"Oh, mother, when the boys don't fight the girls begin to grieve." "This can't go on forever, lad, there may be The awed sub-freshman, a recent graduate of the Brockton High School, watches the proceedings through the blue haze, only half daring to look. He inhales deeply of the tobacco smoke and chokes back the sobs as he tries to hope that God may grant that he, too, some day will sit at the Captain's "Oh. mother dear, concerning that I humbly beg to state e and carry on the Yale traditions.

It was at Mory's where big games were won and lost. It was there that the strategy of the gridiron campaign was planned, where the end around play was conceived and the tackle back rush evolved. Odds were made and the dope annihilated around the boards of Mory's tables.

The alien college man could never understand this airing of sacredly secret plans in a public cafe. But the alien college man didn't know Mory's, nor the half of it Nothing that was ever whispered or inti-mated at Mory's went beyond the four walls

ing traditions. Gone are the festive boards an Ell world. When a customer came and the wassail bowls that cheered genera- on the street his lips were sealed. St on the street his lips were sealed. Strike breathe not a syllable of Mory's gossip.

It is reported that on the night of a certain Harvard triumph a crowd of Crimson supporters stormed Mory's threshold and took possession of the place. All the available Elis were tossed out on the street. Captain's personal table was chopped up to kindle a roaring fire. The Captain's personal locker was forced and looted. Crimson banners covered the walls. The possession was

Captain's Table at Mory's

Is a Preserved Relic This story, however, is not given credence in modern Yale circles. Mory denies it on bended knee. He points to the authentic Captain's table, rickety but still standing He points to the Captain's locker, with the rusty padlock never tampered with by Harvard hands. Mory's denial of the outrage is as complete as Harvard's alleged posse

Mory's was the rendezvous of the mid-night bowl. The sophisticated so; homore, eyes wearled with his struggles with the Greek verbs and the chemical formulas, tossed aside his books as the bells tolled the mystic hour and headed for Mory's. A 'ham and' with a mug of pale ale on the side was considered a great nightcap. So also was an onion sandwich washed down with some of Pilsner's best. Besides, he might run on a celebrating junior who had been in his cups since 9 P. M. or a sombre senior who knew a thing or two about the spring

It was there one met the men who really

Heublein's and the Hofbrau did more than accept the overflow from Mory's. They served Yale in their own particular way. They were less intimate in atmosphere than Mory's but often more riotous in revelry. An outsider could get into either one of them without showing identification papers

or declaring allegiance to the Eli colors.

One could put on a "party" at Heublein's and not be too particular about who was invited or gather a gang and head for the Hofbrau. It was quite the thing to reserve a table for after the theatre at Heublein's. In the stress of a ravenous appetice it was all right to have food served along with the drinks at either place.

The Taft Hotel hadn't been built long enough to become one of the Yale traditions before the minion law turned the bar into a soda fountain and the grill into a fashion able the dansant. But there was a sid street place that served a Fish-house punch (after 11 P. M. pronounced "Fish-househ pus-s-h") that was endeared to the hearts of all alumni and visiting opponents. No matter what the score, the trip to New Haven was almost worth while for the bouquet of that Fish-house punch.

To-day, as any undergrad or football vis-itor can testify, things have changel. Mory's, Heublein's and the Hofbrau are just plain, sedate restaurants, serving food and more food. It's perfectly safe to take the

has been fitted out with a gallery of photo graphs showing various former captains of the major sports leaning against the campus The Dutch fence in regulation Yale fashion. To the casual observer there is some air of mystery about the captain's room, some secret design that only the initiated can penetrate. Actually, it is used for club and other meetings, parliamentary to the last rap of the

Table tops carved with initials of Yale heroes are used as wall panels throughout
Mory's. Heffelfinger, "Dutch" Goebel, Wally
Winter, Tom Shevlin, Hinkey, Ted Coymen who gave Yale her greatest triumphscut their initials in the tables that Mory is

preserving for posterity.

There are no more initials being carved to-day. The old enthusiasm has gone. The mystic atmosphere of the inner room even shrouded in the customary haze of blue smoke has lost its drawing power. The old spirit has vanished.

Crepe hangs on the door of Heublein's and more crepe at the Hofbrau. The dis-penser of the Fish-house punch has boarded up his front. It was a losing fight. The contraband still flows in quiet corners, it has ceased to become even an unofficial part of the university activities.

At Harvard the prohibition pronounce

ent didn't strike such a death dealing blow. Cambridge, in a manner of speaking, has been accustomed to prohibition for lo, these many years. More than a score of years ago Cambridge took advantage of a queet

went dry. It has been "dry" ever since.
But let it not be thought that this arbitrary ruling on the part of the Cambridge council interfered with the traditions of a college that had been standing since 1636. While there was a bridge to Boston Harvard was safe. Every club had its har and locker system. Every society had its keg of beer when occasion required. According to the old charter, granted by Colonial Massachusetts, Harvard territory was beyond the law. A police officer could set his foot on academic property only when armed with a writ of mandamus, a habeas corpus and a few other essentials of jurisprudence.

So for convivial gatherings in club house

and dormitory Harvard had little to worry When a man was formally elected to a club he was presented with a stein along with the latch key, hat band and other credentials of membership. His name was engraved on the stein, his class and his number. He was given his hook in the steinroom that should be inviolable through-out the ages. The stein was a symbol of his union with the order, his identification in the years to come, his solace in infirmity.

There were any number of pretty little drinking traditions that Harvard might have admitted in confidence. When a man came to his majority he "set up" a keg for his fellows. There was nothing compulsory about it. It was just one of those things every Harvard man did without being told.

. During the course of a long winter no occasion was too slight to be celebrated by a Beer Night. Even freshmen gave Beer Nights to the seniors, to the juniors, to themselves. The night before a game, the night after a game, the night after mid-years, the night before mid-years, any night in fact, could be painted red on the calendar simply by calling it a Beer Night.

For the less intimate celebrations, not a part of the regular curriculum, Boston was

the scene of the revelry. Up until the winter of 1911 this entailed a forty minute ride on crowded trolley car, with possibly a seagoing back chartered for the Then came the subway, and Harvard Squar found itself eight minutes from the Parker House bar. From that moment on Harvard had even been dreamed of by the transporta-

The Dutch room at the Touraine, the "English Tea" room at the Thorndike, the Georgian with its orchestra in the clamshell, the Essex, the Lenox, the American House the Napoli, Brigham's (rechristened in later years), the Woodcock-none of them were as intimately bound up with Harvard life as the Yale resorts were, but each counted strongly on Harvard patronage. Whatever from these places.

Then came the Copley-Plaza and the new Harvard Club on Commonwealth avenue Boston was just working itself up to a pitch where the dyed-in-the-wool New York-Harvard man could go back and have regular time when the Volstead blow came And from the first Boston took the Eighteenth Amendment seriously. The Har vard Club bar became a soda fountain, with a young lady in attendance. The hotels followed along, conscientious to the last half

Boston Took Volstead Seriously From the First

Out in Cambridge Harvard accepted national prohibition because there was no way out of the situation. With the supply from Boston cut off the Beer Nigh had to be forgotten. Estimating roughly, there are probably a hundred thousand useless steins in Cambridge to-day. In some clubs they still keep up the ancient rite of passing out steins to new members purely for the sake of sentiment. But they are all in dead storage, waiting for the Volstead wave to

The old drinking songs haven't gone ou of print, but new compositions are not being encouraged. The rendering of "Rhine Wine" or "Here's to Johnny Harvard, Fill Her Up a Full Glass," in public is frowned upon. I stirs old memories that are better left rest ing in peace.

Rammy's and John's, sandwich men of renowned Harvard fame, still do business in a mild sort of way. In the halcyon days they had a midnight trade that would have made a downtown rush hour lunch proprietor turn green with envy. No matter how late was the hour or how heavy were the seas the Crimson celebrator had to stop either at Rammy's or John's on the way home for a last sandwich. To day they keep one light burning dimly throughout the evening and one sleepy eyed clerk on the job. It is enough to take care of the "rush." The old custom of "stopping off" is no more.

We have no intention of wringing the hearts of thousands of Princeton alumni by rehearsing the catalogue of Princeton's drinking traditions. In the first place, F. Scott Fitzgerald has done for Princeton what we could never hope to do. And, again, we know the New Jersey college town only in spots. We know a trail that leads from the station to the Palmer Stadium. We know the same trail in reverse. And then we have to think mighty hard to remembe anything else that we know about Jungles

Nobody in Princeton

Says: Have a Drink! But Princeton had its high spots, its cubby holes and its Princeton Inn. We have heard rumors of Princeton's "parties" and we have read "This Side of Paradise." But personally, from the station to the Palmer Stadium. we have never been offered a Princeton drink. Still their fraditions have probably been shattered as completely as those in New Haven and Cambridge.

And so now, when a reformer wants to make a drive at the colleges he eliminates consideration of the flowing bowl. Instead. he takes a shot at the elective system or the "amazing ignorance" of the average graduate. If it isn't one thing, as the prophets

family into any one of them. All signs of the riotous past have disappeared with a rush of unexplained virtue. Mory's has made some attempt to keep house bar. From the moment on harvard family into any one of them. All signs of began to know Boston, side streets and all. Wasn't it Mark Twain who suggested that Harvard was conveniently located in the poolroom at the Adams House? And that Home Brew Provides Revenge on Noisy Neighbors

shall have to keep our eye on him. He ought to do some interesting things before That's a lively fox trot, if we ever heard one. We shall have to dance, that's all there's to it. But with whom? All the girls there's to it. But with whom? All the girls seem to be dancing. Ha! here is a girl who isn't. We shall ask her. "May I"—but that is all she will let us tell her. "We will have to be introduced by Mrs. —, the chaperon, the chaperon, the chaperon, the chaperon who jazzes "Mammy" that we have set a new reced in noise making which must have convinced them of the feebleness of their own, efforts.

The young person who jazzes "Mammy" we erred, grievously and disastrously.

The young person who jazze: before we can dance. It is required," she is on the piano, the fellow who is learning to play the saxophone, the one who devotes his evenings to "Turkey in the Straw" and Well, of all things! If these nickel-adance places aren't swell we'll eat a block "Johnny in the Hoe Cake" with the aid of a fiddle, the owners of the phonographs, Well, that's over with-the introduction. husband who does a quarrel scene with his wife every evening, the messenger boys, the ice man and even the young fellow who stands in the court and sings "That's Peggy O'Neill" in a whiskey barytone until he is T feels good to be dancing. But where are all the gangsters? Oh, well, it's thrown some coins have all been forgiven. only 11 o'clock, a busy hour for any

Doubtless they are saying about us the identical things we said about them with our superior sounds. Of course we have ala baby is just fifteen months old its lungs are in mighty good condition, and it doesn't hesitate to use them when the new teeth begin to hurt, that is ours doesn't.

the sounds of the city apartment house as perfectly overwhelming. You take a coun tryman whose eyes are accustomed to following a path through the woods by starlight and whose ears are accustomed to such night sounds as the screech of an owl, the chatter of the tree frogs, the com-plaining of the chickens as they crowd each other for a better place on the roost, and the warning growl of a watchdog when he senses the presence of something new in the vicinity, and transplant that country-man into the apartment house where we have been living, blind his eyes with the ounds that resemble a jazz band on a spree and you will have discovered an individual who can easily be convinced that he is an

BUT we started out to tell how we got even with all the noise. the apartment.

You see it all came about through making some home brew. Ever since they put this prohibition thing over on us to have wanted to make some beer. Once before we tried, and gave the concoction that we brewed enefit of all our brain force, but the sult was the most evil smelling mess that have ever encountered. How it tasted do not know because we did not try it. The smell was enough.

cently we tried again, having been encouraged to do so by a young lady of our acquaintance who has established a reputation as a home brewer and who offered to

This time it turned out fine. It had the used to come to our town every year or so

We have set a new record in noise where we live. We feel that we have set a new record in noise where we bottled it the sooner it would be

We have since discovered that we bottled our brew before the primary fermentation had ceased, which is something that is often done in all phases of human endeavor. Well, anyway, we did it and carefully

bottles away on the top shelf of the clothes closet.

Last night at three o'clock it started. you ever been awakened

sound sleep by a noise that resembled the report of a pistol followed by the sound of shattered glass as it fell to the floor. Well have. The first report brought us out ed with a heart that was going like a trip hammer and our posture was one of crouched defence. The second report brought to us a realization of what was happening. The third, fourth and fifth reports gave us a feeling of helplessness, to which was ad-ded humiliation as the lights on the court windows of the apartment began to appear followed by raised windows and frowzy heads stuck out into the night air.

"What's happening here?" sleepily. "Pistol shots" some on answered

Three more bottles exploded. "Sounds like glass to me," remarked the "Maybe they are throwing things at each other," called another man.
"No, it is a pistol," answered the first.

Two more bottles exploded. What apartment is this coming from?" asked one man excitedly, and added as an

afterthought, "Somebody call the police."
We concluded that the time had come to "Neighbors," we called to them, "calm yourselves. I have been challenged to a duel at sunrise and I am merely spending the night in pistol practice, using some

empty bottles as targets." "Aw, that's that darn fellow from the South," said one man in a tone of disgust. He may have said more; we do not know. We closed our window. All danger of further explosions geemed to have passed for the moment, so we uncorked all our remaining bottles and emptled them into the bath-

HAT'S how we got even with the noise makers in the apartment house.

Also that was the first time we ever put beer in a bathtub. We helped fill here by mistake?" inquired the polite mana bathtub with champagne once, but that was in another city. There was a man who take," answered our friend.

who was a great admirer of Joei Chandler ager. "They were intended for the Harris and who never failed to visit the au- party in the next suite.

He expressed a desire to have an autosraphed copy of "Uncle Remus." Mr. Harris was told what his admirer wished and remembered it. When the Northerner came to town the following year and called Mr Harris over the telephone, telling him his room number at the hotel, the author concluded the conversation by saying, "By the way, I am going to send something up to you," having in mind the autographed copy

Now it so happened that one of the well known women of Atlanta, a widow, was being married that same afternoon and sh had engaged for the ceremony a suite of had caused the furniture to be removed and which she had had beautifully decorated for the occasion. Not having been invited to the wedding

party we repaired to the room of our friend at the botel for the purpose of further ce menting the friendship that had grown Presently two cases of chamtween us, pagne were delivered at the room. The delivery man did not know to whom it longed; he knew only that he had been di rected to deliver it to that particular room. Our friend's face beamed with delight,

fect hospitality?

"Explain yourself," we said.
"I know all about it now," he answered

I called up Joel Chandler Harris a little while ago and he told me he was sending me up something, but I had no idea he going to make it enough champagne for a regular party. He's what I call a real

Well, we opened the two cases, stacked the bottles up in the bathtub and spent an hour at, hard labor cracking ice around them and bring them to the temperature. Then we issued invitations over the telephone. Our party was to begin at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. By coincidence it was the same hour set for the wedding of the widow. Both sets of guests were exceedingly happy. Ours, as they came in, were permitted to tiptoe into the bathroom and take a peek at what was in store for each was told the story of the generosity of Mr. Harris.

Before we had a chance to start our party there came a scurrying of feet in the hall whispered conferences and then somewhat louder tones. We could catch phrases such as "They insist they delivered it to this floor," and "It must be here somewhere." Finally there came a knock at the door.

"Were two cases of champagne delivered ager.
"They were delivered here, but not by mis-

So they took our champagne away from us, every last bottle of it, failed to invite us to the party and didn't even thank us for having it so nicely iced for them. It looked like good champagne, too.

TT TE had something to say about how our youngest infant makes he share of noise at the apartment house when her teeth begin to hurt, but we didn't mean to really call it noise. The crying of a baby who cries for cause never disturbs any one except some old grouch who ought to be put in some place where he couldn't hear the voices of children. We can think of no greater punishment than that. Considered rightly, the teething age is

mighty sweet time of a child's life. We have often wondered which could be considered the sweetest age of a child

There was the time when you walked miles back and forth in front of the house thinking all kinds of impossible things, going to see whether the dog was chained up and whether the chickens were locked up had been done (all of which you knew has been done, because you had done them your self earlier in the evening) until the nurs came smiling and said, "It's all right. You can come in now." Then you went in and saw the most beautiful baby you had ever seen, the only one which gave evidences of intelligence and character when was first born That's a mighty sweet age But wait until she is five years old Ther you will know better. At the age you see her every night in her little the age of five

down on her knees at her bedside, with her little head buried in the sheets, saying "God bless Daddy," when she gets to you on the list of names that she submits for approval to the Almighty every evening When you arrive home she forestalls every-thing that might be said with her frank confession, "Daddy, I wasn't a very good girl to-day but I am going to be better to-morrow," and then the little rascal laughs when she hugs you.

In the morning she walks with you to the corner, where she gives you what she calls "big hug" in full view of the neighborhood when she says good-by, and when you have started walking rapidly away, pretending that the morning ceremony is over, she stops in her skipping attracts your attention with a whistle throws you a kiss with a laugh, and is gone again, dancing over the sidewalk toward

the house. Then you realize that while every moment of a child's life is filled with swe tness, it ake," answered our friend. they are treated right, the sweetest age of "Oh, but it was a mistake," said the man-all is the age of five.

take that brick away."

You'll spoil the fireplace, sonny, if you

"You'll ruin the plumbing, sonny, put that pipe back in its socket!" "Mother, a piece of pipe is handy in a feller's pocket!"

We are beginning to think that this nickel-a-dance joint is a highbrow hangout. Literary conversation and no murders. Not A NICKEL A DANCE. ven an assault. Disappointed, we gather up our hat and coat and prepare to leave. As we depart a man who brushes our sleeve as he passes, says, "Excuse me," and bows. We'd like to

kick him. We picked out a fine place for